

THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Returning to Jerusalem.

BETWEEN waning day and waxing night,
She walked against the sunset light,
Wimple wore she all of white,
Christ His Mother Mary.

Therein she bare a thorny crown;
And no easeful tears could fall adown,
Her dear Son's blood was on her gown,—
This sonless Lady Mary.

Behind her was the red rood-tree,
And her great blue eyes were sad to see,
Backward they gazed so mournfully,—
He hath no tears, Queen Mary.

Across a barren vineyard nigh,
She heard the fitful wind's low cry,—
A Judas-tree stood 'gainst the sky.
He had hanged there, Queen Mary.

Bright strips of sunshine goldenly
Lay strown along the fair dark tree—
"Its blooms are red!" soft moaneth she,—
How red the rood, Queen Mary.

To and fro did the light sprays wave,
As through the tree the keen wind drave,
And the blooms fell over a new-made grave.
Christ, too, hath a grave, Queen Mary.

She saith, "Oh! now I know too well
Why passing here my dear Son fell,—
He heard His Judas cry from Hell!"
Shall we cry thus, Queen Mary?

Like light she fadeth down the street;
Had I been there, my Lady sweet,
I would kiss the printing of thy feet,
O dear, dear Mother Mary!

P. O. E.

THE man that yields to sensuality with the intention of casting off the habit when it grows irksome, is very like the man that hangs himself with a halter in a dark cellar in the expectation that some one will cut him down in time to save life.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

The Modern English Drama.

JOSEPH V. SULLIVAN, '97.

TO imitate, says Aristotle, is instinctive in man from his infancy. As children we took great delight in "playing house" and mimicking the actions of all sorts of men; and even in our early youth we observed the different traits of others and were pleased when we could impersonate some peculiar characteristic of our companions. We are astonished, therefore, when we consider how small, relatively, is the number of persons that follow up the stage as a profession; nor can we apply, at least in a literal sense, the saying of the melancholy Jaques, that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." A record of the drama, however, shows that the love for the histrionic art is inherent in human nature, and as long as there existed interpreters of the dramatist's ideal creations there were also audiences to give them welcome.

The modern English drama began its rise with the Elizabethan group of literary men; for it was the sixteenth century that produced the first English tragedy, Sackville's "Gorboduc," as well as the first comedy, Udall's "Ralph Roister Doister." It was then, too, that Shakspeare, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher wrote their plays. The growth of the early drama was hindered by various obstacles, and it is a subject of wonder that the stage of today is so firm a fixture and so great a power in the world. Three hundred years ago the actor was treated everywhere with scorn, and his profession considered of a low rank; women were not allowed even to appear in the theatres unless

they were masked. The dramatist was regarded with contempt, and it was a disagreeable task for him to write comedies and tragedies which brought him only a small profit and many an insult. In 1589 all stage productions were stopped by a governmental decree, and it was five years before the Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's companies were licensed. At this period the players presented the works of John Lyly, Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Lodge and Nash, who constituted the Elizabethan school of writers. Then appeared the productions of Shakspeare, who was also at that time one of the most prominent actors. The influence of his plays can be well understood when we compare their moral tendency with that of preceding dramas. With Shakspeare the elevation of the stage was begun, and the drama had taken such a firm hold on the people that it survived throughout the sway of Puritanism, though severely attacked on all sides. It was, however, entirely prohibited during the disturbances of 1648, but in a few years, with the restoration of Charles II. to the throne, it had regained its former power.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century the immorality of the stage was shocking. In London dissoluteness was everywhere manifest, and especially in the court and the places frequented by the aristocracy. "The comic poet," says Macaulay, "was the mouthpiece of the most deeply corrupted part of a corrupted society." What wonder, then, that the theatres, which were supported by the wealthy classes, became also the homes of debauchery! The loose moral principles of the time tended to weaken the very foundations of the stage, and the actor was regarded only as the interpreter of the vile productions of the playwright. Dramatists of a high order were rare, so that worthy plays became scarcer year after year, and the drama began its slow though steady decline. In 1713 Addison's "Cato" was presented, and enjoyed great success for a brief period; tragedy thus received a new impetus, but it was only for a short time, and then its decay commenced in earnest.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century farce and comedy predominated and became a genuine English species. Hitherto, we had borrowed from foreign sources the material for most of our comic productions, but with the advent of Goldsmith a new field was opened for the English writers. "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer" were not at first well received, but the latter piece con-

tinued to gain in favor, so that it still retains a place on the stage, and is one of the most popular comedies. Then Sheridan brought forth the "School for Scandal" and "The Rivals." Both of these works exhibit much original power, and they have been assigned a permanent place in our theatre, chiefly through the delicate art of Mr. Joseph Jefferson. It is, indeed, difficult to account for the decline of comedy in the present century. It has gradually lost the elements that make "As You Like It" so charming, and in our day the best of the recent comedies are permitted to enjoy only a few years of popular favor. Indeed, comedy of the highest order appears to have died out just as entirely as tragedy; and we can point to only three men who, inspired by Thalia, have added immortal plays to our literature,—these are Shakspeare, Goldsmith and Sheridan. Still, Macaulay maintains that Sheridan's works, like Congreve's, are entirely devoid of merit! The genuine tragedy, also, made its final appearance about the middle of the present century when Knowles wrote "William Tell," and "Virginius," and Bulwer produced "Richelieu," the play in which Booth afterwards scored his great success.

The drama of a hundred years ago was also very rich in the number and ability of its interpreters; indeed, no other epoch in the history of the stage has seen so many great artists. Beginning with Garrick, a new era was opened in the histrionic art, and by that man's influence as actor and manager a new lustre was given to the profession, while the popular demand for Shakspeare's plays was increased. Mrs. Siddons, the eminent heroine of the buskin, then came before the public, and by her acting, especially as Lady Macbeth, added greater brilliancy to the English stage. This high standard was sustained during the supremacy of Charles Macready, who as "Virginius" in Knowles' masterpiece, gained for himself the honor of being our greatest tragedian. Then came John Bannister, Mrs. Jordan, Henderson, Young, Cooke, Edmund and Charles Kean and the two Kembles—all of whom were masters of their art, and it is due to their careful work that the drama attained such excellence in the early part of this century.

The stage in America has not been inferior to that of the mother country, and the spread of the theatre in the United States is excellent proof that the actor's profession is here supported and encouraged. The first American play ever performed here by a regular company was

"The Contrast," produced in 1786; it pictured the Yankee character, which was always so amusing to our English brethren. From this humble beginning, not much more than a hundred years ago, the theatre in our land has become one of the great educators of the people, and its influence is felt even in Europe, where our players have appeared with merit upon the boards trod by Garrick and Siddons.

Our readiness to welcome the wandering stars of the stage is known to all foreign actors and actresses, so that the best talent of other countries has been seen behind our footlights. This has given the American people an opportunity to compare the different aspects of true dramatic art, and has contributed much toward the making of our own players. Two score years ago the American theatre-goers hailed with joy the arrival of Rachel who, by her exquisite art and real genius, has been awarded the highest place in "the histrionic Pantheon of posterity." Her success was the signal for others to flock to the United States, and thus our people have had the pleasure of studying the careful work of such consummate artists as Ristori, Fechter, Salvini, Coquelin, Bernhardt and Duse.

The innate talent of American performers was then aroused, and we, too, began to send out men and women who could interpret in a creditable manner the masterpieces of the playwrights. Edwin Forrest, and then Charlotte Cushman, E. L. Davenport, and Junius Brutus Booth, held the first place on the early American stage, and under their influence it began to assume a character free from the English spirit that had pervaded it. Then Edwin Booth arose; and by his inspired acting, especially in the characters of Hamlet and Brutus, brought before the eyes of the world the fact that the drama in our country was no longer to be ignored. Through John McCollough, Booth, Lawrence Barrett, and Mary Anderson the best tragedies were given a fitting production, while comedy was sustained by Mr. Joseph Jefferson and J. S. Clarke. Indeed, it is due to the solid foundation which these talented men and women gave to our stage that the theatre of the United States holds such a high rank in the world today; and if our dramatic artists are now able to succeed without foreign support it is because of the heroic endeavors of our pioneer actors.

After such evidence of a golden age in the drama of the last generation one is almost persuaded that the stage of today has suffered a decline. Modern critics are always referring

to the genius of Macready, Kemble, Mrs. Siddons and all the other inspired actors of the so-called "palmy days" of the theatre; and they often point to the playwrights of Shakspeare's time to show how inferior are our modern dramatists. But true love for the histrionic art has not evaporated, nor are we destitute of talented interpreters of the drama. If we read of the wonderful power of Garrick's acting we must not immediately cry out against the decay in the art of the modern player. Garrick was merely the champion ranter of his time; his work may have sprung from real genius, but it would hardly be tolerated in our day. The modern audience is more intellectual, and education has taught them to look for the finer points in artistic work. Garrick and all the old school must have appeared essentially animal if placed beside Booth, who was the first to infuse delicacy and refinement into the actor's art.

Again, the continual increase in the number of theatres gives a strong argument in favor of the existing regard for the actor's profession. Not more than a hundred years ago London possessed only two important play-houses—Drury Lane and Covent-Garden; these, of course, seemed to be crowded always with tragedians of the highest class, but it was the lack of theatres that accounted for this apparent cluster of "stars" during a brief period. Today, however, new theatres are springing up on all sides, and every city of importance has a number of play-houses that receive only the best attractions in the line of the legitimate drama. Evidently, there must be an increased demand on the part of the people, in order that so many houses may be maintained. Where, then, is the decline in popular support?

Then, too, there is a large amount of space in our newspapers devoted to criticisms of the drama and news of the "greenroom." All our great dailies have a special critic who examines the current questions in theatrical circles and gives an opinion on the merits of the latest play. Popular interest in the existing drama requires this special department in a newspaper, and it is to the advantage of every periodical to provide a dramatic column for its patrons. This has given rise to a new profession,—that of the dramatic critic; and among the best of our authorities on this subject are Mr. Clement Scott, Mr. William Winter and M. Francisque Sarcey.

The people now recognize the actor's profession; and while a player maintains his per-

sonal respect he need have no fear of being cried down because he is a histrion. Not many years ago the stage-performer was a pariah, and he could never hope to move in respectable society. Occasionally he won the favor of some royal house, but even then he was kept at a distance by his patrons, who regarded him as a low character. At present, however, there is no distinction made between the worthy stage-player and the honorable men of other professions. Many of our actors now appear before the crowned heads of Europe, and they are not barred from the most exclusive circles in social life.

In the histrionic art we have no cause for declaring that the stage of today is far below that of the eighteenth century. True, we have no such consummate artists as Macready and Booth, but there is no lack of gifted actors who present in an able manner the most difficult characters. Edmund Kean, Young and Kemble are gone, and have left no school behind them, but we still have our Jefferson, Irving, Terry, Mansfield, and Rehan; while such talent remains we need have no fear for the progress of the stage. On beholding Ada Rehan, with her quick, impassioned utterance and fiery, impulsive energy, as Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew," one will never admit that the standard set by Mrs. Siddons and Garrick is above the level of the nineteenth century actor. And in comedy rôles the early drama could boast of no artist that possessed greater original power and more real inspiration than our own Joseph Jefferson evinces in "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Rivals." Besides, the modern stage is far superior to that of the past century in regard to the general *ensemble* of a company. In the theatre of today there is no prominent organization in which the leading man is not supported by a number of competent actors. An audience demands this, and will not tolerate a "cast" made up of one or two "stars" supplemented by a crowd of figureheads and ranters.

As we glance over the list of attractions at our many theatres we are astonished to find so many houses presenting "variety" bills. Indeed, the number of vaudeville shows in this country at present is far in excess of the number of legitimate plays, and we are apt to regard this fact as an indication of decay in the stage. It appears as though the people have lost all regard for the regular drama, and that they have turned their entire support to performances of the "continuous" type. To the more

careful observer, however, this condition of dramatic affairs gives no cause for anxiety.

We have all watched with attention the growth of the music hall in America, and it is interesting to observe its effect on the existing drama. Just now we see a number of our popular actors and actresses deserting the legitimate stage and becoming "bright lights" in the world of vaudeville. This movement will probably continue for some time, and then—what? After a few years of this "weeding out process," our stage will have a smaller aggregation of "stars;" but the actors that have withstood the strain will be such as our theatres will be proud to claim. This, in turn, will act upon the dramatist, and we may expect his offerings to be more worthy of an educated people and an accomplished actor's skill. In short, as a recent writer predicts, "the theatre, as never before, will find a limited, cultured public, which will demand the best an actor can offer and be capable of appreciating it."

There is one particular, however, in which the modern stage is sadly deficient, and while this remains unimproved we can not rightly claim that the drama has not deteriorated in the present century. The decline of dramatic composition of the higher class is becoming more and more deplorable. The plays that are now offered are entirely unworthy of our best actors, and are an affront to the intelligent audiences that witness them. Persons that frequent the theatre for innocent amusement and recreation are, certainly, not flattered by having the social evil discussed in its worst phases on the stage before them. At the present day it is almost impossible for an actor to secure a new play of any dramatic merit; there is an over-abundance of comedies and tragedies possessing some real force, but few of these are able to stand more than one season's performance. The Sardou plays are undoubtedly very forcible in parts, and are constructed on true dramatic principles, but they fail to excite any other interest than that of morbid curiosity. The same may be said in regard to much of the work of Ibsen, Jones, Sudermann, Pinero, and Hauptman. All these men are masters of the art of play construction, but their dramas fail to address the nobler feelings of an audience.

Yet the people demand plays. The old classic dramas are no longer sought after to any great extent, and we find even Shakspeare neglected by the mass of the theatre-going public. Not even a production of "Hamlet" will attract a large audience unless the leading

part of the tragedy is supported by an actor of repute; it is the "star" that counts; the play is considered secondary. The people, then, having but a few other dramas, must turn as a last resort to the coarse productions of Ibsen and Sardou.

Hamlet, in his advice to the players, declared that the purpose of playing "was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." There is, though, such a thing as overdoing this naturalness in the drama, and many of our modern playwrights,—the realists,—have reached that point. There must, then, be some way of checking this exotic growth of a poisonous plant. If, for instance, the authorities here, as in other countries, would regard the stage as a part of the state, and by their support encourage only legitimate performances, the theatre would be independent of the box office receipts, and new plays could be given a trial without loss to the managers. Then, too, the writing of comedies and tragedies would receive more consideration, and we might look for more mature work all along the line of the drama.

Assuredly, there can be no objection if the people now refuse to provide for companies which present plays of "The Doll's House" type. If, as Macaulay says, the real end of the drama is "the exhibition of human character," we do not wish to have the worst passions of man displayed before a respectable audience. Comedy and tragedy should contribute to the intellectual culture of mankind, but this is certainly not the object of the majority of modern plays. What we want on the stage is not "nature raw and fresh, but art; that is to say, nature artistically revealed." That the future will realize such an ideal is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The Table Turned.

JAMES J. SANDERS, '97.

Seated in a library that was luxuriously furnished and gave evidence of refinement and means, was an old man whose grey locks and enfeebled looks marked him as fast approaching the end of his long life. Mr. Franklin Spencer had spent a long and honorable career; and now at the age of seventy he realized that his stay upon this earth was to be very short. The son of poor parents, he had earned his own living from tender youth, and by frugality and honesty he had gradually

risen in the ranks, until we find him the sole owner of one of the largest mercantile houses in New York. Mr. Spencer's wife had been dead for a number of years, but she had left one son, now a young man of twenty-eight.

Frank Spencer, as a youth, was wild and impetuous; and although he had had all the advantages that money and an indulgent father could give for his education he had not profited by it in the way of developing an honest and upright character. His father was well aware of this lack of integrity, and even suspected that the boy was not so honest in all his dealings as could be wished, and this was a source of great grief to him. But the old age of Mr. Spencer was brightened by the presence of one that ministered tenderly to his wants and filled the place of his wayward son.

Some twenty-five years previous to the narration of this story, Mr. Spencer had been called to the bedside of one of his dearest friends who was on the verge of death. This friend asked Mr. Spencer to adopt his son, who was then in his infancy and who would in a few days be an orphan, as his mother was already dead. Mr. Spencer was touched by this heart-rending appeal, and readily promised to fulfil his friend's last request. Now in his old age he was reaping the fruit of this kind act; for John Gilmore, or Spencer, as we will know him, had indeed proved to be worthy of all that his benefactor had done for him.

John and Frank were of the same age and had been companions for the first twenty years of their lives, having their youthful quarrels and reconciliations, in which the noble nature of John always gave way to his more peevish playmate. There was an event that occurred during their college life that had made Frank the bitter enemy of John, but he had taken great care not to openly display his feelings. They were both unusually bright, and when entering upon their final year at college the honors of the class were conceded to one of them, and there was much speculation as to which would be victorious. John had carried off the prize, thereby incurring the unjust enmity of Frank. Old Mr. Spencer knew that there was some grievance existing between them, but he had never been able to learn the nature of it.

Now as he sat in his library he was thinking over a very serious matter. He knew that his enfeebled condition made his death an event of the near future, and this brought before him the necessity of settling up his affairs and

making his will. That last document he was even now preparing. It was short and simple, and consisted in dividing his vast estate equally between his son Frank and his adopted son John. To this was added a clause ordering that Frank should not be allowed to touch the principal, but only the interest derived from his share in the vast estate. Mr. Spencer foresaw that it would be sheer folly to give his son control of any amount of money, for it would surely be squandered in riotous living. He knew also that the sterling qualities of John would be proof against any misuse of his vast inheritance, and thus he felt secure in the course he was pursuing.

The matter of his father's will was one of great importance to Frank, and he spent much time in the library during his father's absence searching through the papers that were on file there. He suspected the designs of his father, and he was determined to frustrate them even though he had to resort to the most dishonest means. Although Frank was allowed the privilege of his father's house he was held in general disfavor by all even down to the housekeeper and her little son, a tot of three years. Once while searching through the desk of his father he had come suddenly upon a secret drawer, and he had always kept particular watch upon this, knowing that if anything of importance was to be learned this was the place most likely to disclose it.

The second day after Mr. Spencer had made his will he was able to take a drive through the city parks. This was an opportunity for Frank, who happened to be at home. He repaired to the library, approached the desk and immediately opened the secret drawer. He was rewarded by the sight of a legal-looking document that he opened with trembling hands. As he glanced through its contents, a smile of exultation overspread his face; yes, his suspicions were right! His father intended to make him divide his rightful inheritance with that pauper, for this was the epithet he applied to John. As he read further his eyes met the closing clause of the will, and the single word "never" came from between his compressed lips.

His perusal was interrupted at this point by the violent ringing of the door-bell, and he quickly replaced the will in its hiding-place. He hurried to the door of the library; passed into the hall and thence up the stairs to his room. In the hallway he passed the porter, who was on his way to answer the summons at

the door. Frank threw himself into a chair, but the commotion in the hallway caused him to start hurriedly to his feet, for he felt that something unusual had taken place below. When he reached the head of the stairs, a sight met his eyes that made him turn pale and start back with horror. Half way up the stairs, and supported or almost carried by two servants, was Mr. Spencer. His face was colorless and there was a glassy stare in his eyes. His improvement of the morning had been but a deception, as is often the case with invalids, and his condition was now alarming. He was placed tenderly in bed and his wants attended to by loving hands.

John watched over his kind benefactor for many hours, and there was an anxious and sorrowful look upon his face. One glance had sufficed to tell the hard-hearted Frank that the worst could be expected at any moment, and the memory of that will, even in this solemn hour, came to his mind. He was determined to change what he considered a wrong to himself, and he needed help to do it. There was but one man on his list of acquaintances that could give the assistance required, and Frank concluded to lay the case before him. Arthur Reed had been an intimate friend of Frank during their college career, and this friendship had been cultivated after they left school. He was a young lawyer, and had already been mixed up in several cases that had the savor of dishonesty about them.

Frank repaired to the office of Reed, found that worthy disengaged, and after being closeted with him for about two hours issued from the office with a look of satisfaction upon his face. Frank knew from the form of the will that his father had made that there had been no witnesses or lawyers engaged upon it, for it was in the familiar handwriting of his father. This last difficulty would be hard to overcome; but Frank had taken great care not to be caught on this point. For some time past he had been working hard upon the signature of his father, and now it was a comparatively easy task to duplicate it almost perfectly. It was arranged that Lawyer Reed should write the body of the forged will, and have three copies ready for Frank to try his hand at the next day. In order to avoid suspicion, Frank had concluded, at the suggestion of Reed, not to ignore John in the will; but, nevertheless, he was to cut him off with a very small amount.

When Frank Spencer arrived home he learned that there was no change in his father's condi-

tion. Mr. Spencer had lapsed into unconsciousness almost immediately after his arrival at home, and a careful watch was kept throughout the night for any sign of returning consciousness. The doctors shook their heads, and said that he might regain his faculties before death, and that he would probably die within the next forty-eight hours.

John was a dutiful son during this period, and he had much time to reflect upon the goodness of his benefactor, while the tears would often start to his eyes as he gazed upon the pale face before him and thought of the separation that must soon come. A few days before this last attack, Mr. Spencer had had a long talk with John, and only once during it had he referred to his intention of making a will or of bestowing anything upon his adopted son. John had not given it a thought since and least of all at this solemn hour.

Mr. Spencer lingered through the next day, and that night, close upon the hour of midnight, his spirit departed this life. It was a sorrowful hour for John Gilmore, because he had lost the first and truest friend he had ever known. Frank had all the outward appearance of grief, but deep down in his heart he was thinking of the outcome of his venturesome act. He had kept his appointment at Lawyer Reed's office, and after one failure he had succeeded in producing an exact copy of the signature of his father. John and Frank had only such intercourse during the next few days as sufficed to make preparations for the funeral of Mr. Spencer, which would occur on the second day after his death.

The evening after Mr. Spencer's remains had been laid to rest in the family vault, Frank sought John in his apartments, and informed him that he would meet him in the library the next day at ten o'clock for the purpose of searching through his father's effects for any commands he should have seen fit to give. Each should have his lawyer present, and all papers would be read in the presence of the whole household. John merely nodded assent and thought no more of the matter until nine o'clock next day, when he made his toilet and started for the office of his lawyer, a young friend of his, who was fast making headway in his chosen profession.

Frank had not been idle all this time, and after seeing John in the evening he hastened to the home of Lawyer Reed, and told him to be on hand at the Spencer mansion at nine o'clock the next day, just one hour before

the appointment with John. Mr. Reed should bring the forged document, and they would have one hour to effect the change.

The following day John had no sooner left the house than Mr. Reed arrived and together with Frank went to the library. As they entered they were taken aback by the presence of the little son of Mrs. Murray, the housekeeper. He was busily engaged with his toys on the floor, and they concluded that he was harmless when they considered that he was scarcely three years of age. They could not put him out, as he would probably make an uproar, which would bring the housekeeper herself down upon them; so they proceeded in his presence.

The secret drawer was opened and the will extracted. Lawyer Reed assured Frank that everything was arranged with the forged will, and that all would be well when the change was made. Frank approached the table that stood in the centre of the room and took a seat at it. He held his father's will in his hand. Mr. Reed took a seat directly opposite him with the bogus document between his fingers. This particular table at which they were seated was rather old-fashioned in its design. Its most peculiar feature was the top, which was made of thin mahogany, round in shape and swung on a revolving screw, like our modern piano stools.

The conspirators were scarcely seated when they were aroused by sounds of a violent commotion on the pavement below, followed by a rushing of feet and loud shouts. Each dropped the paper he held on the table in front of him and ran towards the window. Heavy draperies hung over the window and shut the two men out from a view of the room for a few minutes. Little Charlie was interested in the same noise, and, leaving his corner, he started for the window. As he passed Reed's seat some fate seemed to impel him to stop. He looked curiously at the paper dropped on the table by Reed, and although his eyes scarcely reached the top of the table he spied the other paper directly opposite. At the efforts of his little hands the top of the table revolved, and the genuine will was in front of Reed's seat while the bogus one was at Frank's.

Charley's curiosity satisfied, he again started for the window, just as Frank and Reed came from behind the draperies. The commotion was caused by a collision between two fashionable carriages on the street below. The spirited horses having become unmanageable dashed into each other, but nothing serious had resulted,

Frank took the same seat that he had a few minutes before vacated. It lacked but half an hour of the time for the meeting of the members of the household. Frank placed his trembling hands on the paper before him, and then, as if nerved for the occasion, tore it into small pieces. These pieces he deposited in the grate, and although there was no fire there he applied a match, and soon all traces of the legal document had disappeared.

The two men then paced the room trying to look unconcerned while they waited for the coming of John. They thought that it was a lucky thing that the little boy had so opportunely gone to the window and remained there while the will was burning. Charley could scarcely talk, but he might manage to disclose something if they had burned it in his presence.

Ten o'clock came, and a few minutes later John appeared with his legal adviser and friend. When he entered Frank stepped forward and informed him that he had already found his father's will. He pointed to the table as he spoke, and John picked up the document, opened it, and glanced through its contents. Frank watched him closely, but John did not change color or look surprised. It was just what he expected, and in a calm manner he handed it to his lawyer.

Frank's fears were somewhat allayed by his movements, and he was congratulating himself inwardly on the success of his scheme. By this time all the members of the household, consisting of the housekeeper, little Charlie, the aged porter and a number of minor servants, had assembled.

Mr. Wade, John's lawyer, having glanced over the will, still held it in his hand, and at a sign from Frank Spencer, he cleared his throat and in a distinct tone read the original and genuine will of the late Franklin Spencer. It was a very unpleasant revelation to the conspirators.

Frank's eyes opened wider and wider as the reading advanced, and at the close he stood aghast, looking from Mr. Reed to Lawyer Wade, and trying his utmost to appear unconcerned. Mr. Reed was equally surprised, but much more composed.

Little Charlie had saved the day for John, and to this time neither one of them knows of the unconscious escape and rescue from the impending evil. As for Frank and Mr. Reed, they had to accept the present state of affairs; but they will ever wonder about the mysterious turn that things had taken at the last moment.

Varsity Verse.

LA DERNIÈRE FEUILLE.

(Gautier.)

WITH nought to cheer its dreary grief,
The forest bare and dull has grown,
Yet to a branch there clings one leaf,—
One leaf near which a bird has flown.

My soul to soothe its sighs has nought,
Save in its close one love that clings;
But autumn winds so with moan is fraught
It chills the sounds that this love brings.

The bird flies on, the leaflet falls,
The love dies out in winter's gloom;
Ah! little bird, when Death's voice calls,
Then sing 'mid roses on my tomb.

W. J. M.

TO MY WHEEL.

Oh, wheel of mine! oh, faithful friend!
Thou art my joy, thou art my pride;
When downcast, thou to me dost lend
A cheering touch; and when I ride
Along the tranquil country way
My sorrows, winged, depart from me;
The dark night turns to fairest day,
When I'm alone, my wheel, with thee.

'Tis thou who help'st me "skive" afar
And yet return ere I am missed,
Who lead'st me where calm waters are,
Where lilies white repose sun-kissed.
And oftentimes, too, my way I wend
To yonder city where, in glee,
The sunny hours, unwatched, I spend,
When I'm alone with her and thee.

L. C. M. R.

FAITH.

"Fidem qui perdit, quo se servat in reliquum?"

When faith is lost, what other boon is there?
What soothing ointment to the wounds of life?
'Tis only faith can ease the crushing care,
'Tis only faith can conquer in the strife.

J. B.

THE FORCE OF TEARS.

I saw her cold, unflinching eye;
I heard her proud, defiant tone;
My heart was cold, 'twas vain to try
To feign compassion: there was none.

Anon I saw her paling cheek,
Her moistening eye, her heaving breast;
I heard her sobs,—these made me weak:
I ran to welcome her request.

G. W. E.

TRIOLET.

Blue eyes, lose not your light,
Look not so sad,
Above the sky is bright;
Blue eyes lose not your light,
I'll feel indeed 'tis night
Nor more be glad;
Blue eyes, lose not your light,
Look not so sad.

J. W. R.

Books and Magazines.

LEPROSY AND THE CHARITY OF THE CHURCH.

By Rev. L. W. Mulhane. D. H. McBride, & Co.

This is a little unpretentious book written by Rev. L. W. Mulhane, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, with the intention of giving an idea of that awful scourge, leprosy, and of the heroic work carried on by the children of the Catholic Church, who are sacrificing their lives in the care of the lepers all over the world. Father Mulhane lays no claim to originality, for he says that the facts he presents to his readers appeared before in pamphlet form, and have been picked up here and there. The growing interest attaching to the leprosy question created a large demand for these facts, and necessitated their production in more durable form. Nevertheless such is the knowledge of the question that Father Mulhane has gained by actual contact with the leper-stricken during several years, and such is the zeal of the good Father in the interest of these poor outcasts, that the record he presents us with in these few pages is read with the avidity that accompanies a first reading.

We are treated to a succinct and clear sketch of the prevalence of leprosy in ancient times, the Middle Ages and modern times, and are given a view of the alarming extent of territory that this pest covers, stretching, as it does, from Canada to the islands of the Pacific, and from Iceland to Farther India. It is startling to learn that the United States is threatened with a widespread presence of this dreadful malady. It would seem that the leprous taint is gradually spreading over the country. The eastern and southern states have had the germs brought direct to them from the West Indies, Canada and Southern Europe; the western states from China, Northern Europe and Oceanica. The northwestern states seem to have a special attraction for the Norwegians who come from a country the most stricken with leprosy in Europe. It is estimated that in Minnesota alone there must be 100,000 persons of Norwegian descent—of leprous ancestors.

With the rumored annexation of Cuba and Hawaii by the United States we are brought face to face with a most important problem. These two countries are the hotbeds of leprosy. Should they come into closer connection with this country, one of the consequences will be free communication, without those custom regulations now existing—a meet punishment

of greed. In view of the actual or possible spread of leprosy it is the duty of the medical profession and of the press, in their capacity as guardians of the public health, to enlighten our legislative authorities as to this danger, and to urge them to adopt measures for the isolation of every leper in our midst, and especially to prevent the immigration from foreign countries of those that bear in their systems the seeds of this frightful malady.

Father Mulhane gives a cursory view of the different forms of leprosy, shows how they may be contracted, and enumerates the means that have been adopted in the endeavor to effect a cure. He is forced to add with a sigh that, notwithstanding all attempts, little is known either of the origin of this monster of evil or of the means of effectively stopping its ravages.

From the beginning of the Church's existence none of her wonderful traits is more consoling than the solicitude she has displayed with regard to these butts and stumps of humanity. In the very first century of her life she founded the Order of St. Lazarus with the special object of caring for the lepers of Christ's fold. Hence hospitals called Lazarettoes sprang up wherever the Church had spread her gentle sway, till, in the Middle Ages, there were as many as nine thousand of these hospitals in Europe alone. From those times to the present it was the Church who took the initiative in the struggle against the dread foe always, and often she stood practically alone. No one needs to be reminded of her splendid efforts in the same cause today. On the lonely isle in the Pacific lies the hero of Molokai. Damien the Leper rests with God; but the spirit that his life so strongly accentuated has electrified the world. From north, south, east, west; from wherever he haunts of man lie scattered, come troops of generous men and women eager to immolate dear life on the altar of suffering humanity. Amid the noisome sights and smells of putrifying cancers these noble souls will dwell, assuaging with tender attention the curse upon their fellows. Slowly and insidiously the curse creeps to them too, and they fall in glorious battle. No shout of praise goes up at their passing; no nations raise to them obelisks in awe. In obscurity their offer was made; in obscurity it was taken; and silence covers all. But what reck they? The Eye that over them kept closely watching, marked when they fell; and now that Eye in love upon them glancing, is their joy for evermore.

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Bishop Spalding's Lecture.

On Tuesday evening in Washington Hall before the Faculty, students and many visiting friends, the Right Reverend Bishop of Peoria spoke most entertainingly for over an hour. His theme was, of course, intellectual culture, the development of the artistic in man,—in a word, education. His high rank as a scholar, as an orator and as a philosopher; his reputation, which is so well known here, as elsewhere, and his love for Notre Dame, brought before him hearts that beat in unison with his, and minds well prepared to receive encouragement and enjoyment. That his influence is great, would be patent to any audience; but here at Notre Dame, where he is so loved for what he is, his power is all the greater. The public lecture course at the University would be considered incomplete without Bishop Spalding; and were a year to pass by without a lecture from that brilliant Churchman there would, indeed, be cause for disappointment.

Unfortunately, we are unable to give the bishop's lecture, and even any mention of it must be necessarily imperfect. Its central idea was education. The bishop, after stating some of the means of acquiring an education, drew

a sharp line of distinction between success, as it is understood in the commercial world, and success as meaning satisfaction in intellectual development. This is the point he emphasized most strongly, and he has been preaching this doctrine of the mind, of the higher life, for many years. As an example of the two different kinds of success he told the story of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, wherein the hero, with the utmost care, has brought his mind and body—his entire being—to the highest stage of earthly perfection. The other character, his friend, has immense wealth and all the comforts and luxuries that money can buy. The one has knowledge and enjoys life; the other has only riches and finds no pleasure in spending it. Each has reached success, but how different is its signification! The idea, he said, of every true educator is to become more, to know more, to feel more, to live more in communication with God and with all that God has made. The object, then, of study, of education, is faith in the worth of knowledge and culture, of conduct and religion. This will act on us as an impulse to self-activity, a self-renewing urgency to the pursuit of excellence. To think, to love, to enjoy,—these are the natural desires of the human soul. To do these things is to live. To reach this state is success in all that the word rightly implies. A good book is a powerful means of culture—cherish some good book. Make your life a success—study, develop, cultivate your mind. Strive to become all you can. Perfect the natural gifts God has given you. Educate the whole man and you will have attained success.

Bishop Spalding is a great orator. Even in the informal lecture that he delivered here Tuesday night he proved himself a most persuasive speaker. He inspires his hearer with a desire to do something for himself, to make something of himself, to develop his natural endowments, to love the riches, not of money, but of mind, and to strive with all his heart to reach the highest possible plane of intellectual development.

—We hope to give next week an extended account of Judge Howard's lecture on "The Law of the Land," which was delivered in Washington Hall last Friday morning. It was an exhaustive paper on the origin and nature of law and on the law courts, and was listened to with marked attention by the Faculty and students.

Their Latest and Greatest Success.

On Wednesday, May 5, the University Stock Company presented "The Right to Riches." The play was the production of a member of the Company, Mr. Joseph A. Marmon, and it was, in part, a dramatization of Miss Molly Elliott Seawell's story, "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac." There was considerable original action added, and the course of the material furnished by the story was altogether changed, except in the first act. The cast was as follows:

Marsac.....	Mr. Joseph A. Marmon
Fontaine.....	Mr. Elmer J. Murphy
M. Duval.....	Mr. Thomas T. Cavanagh
Gaston Duval.....	Mr. George P. McCarrick
Emile Desroches.....	Mr. A. Roy Crawford
Armand Vincent.....	Mr. Louis H. Gerardi
M. Maurepas.....	Mr. Edward E. Brennan
Uncle Maurice.....	Mr. W. Burnett Weaver
M. Fleury.....	Mr. Thomas J. O'Hara
M. Landais.....	Mr. Peter M. Kuntz
Dubois.....	Mr. Thomas A. Lowery
Felix.....	Mr. William A. Fagan
Mme. Fleury.....	Mr. J. Francis Corr
Mme. Schmid.....	Mr. John H. Shillington

The feminine characters, Claire Duval and Delphine, of the story were necessarily omitted, owing, perhaps, to the difficulty young men would meet with in presenting these rôles. Gaston Duval, a nephew of M. Duval, the rich brewer, supplied their action. Emile Desroches, Armand Vincent, Dubois and Felix were other characters that are not in the story itself.

The play was a very clever bit of work; and Mr. Marmon certainly deserved the enthusiastic call before the curtain made by the audience at the end of the last act. A modern play as an entirety is not built upon artistic principles since Knowles flooded the stage with "situations"; but when we compare Mr. Marmon's work with the dramas that are successful at present we can without fear give him almost unstinted praise. He had very difficult material to arrange and nearly all the dialogue to compose. The story furnished good stage situations, but it was not by any means easy to get them into marching order. The first act was perfect, and it would be difficult to find any flaw in the remaining two acts. These were not presented with the verve of the first act, but it should be taken into consideration that we had to do with "a first night." It was, perhaps, somewhat disappointing that Marsac did not marry Delphine, as in the story, and the reason for this change was, doubtless, the impossibility of

having Delphine upon the stage at the end. If the play were arranged for feminine characters, the author would find a method to avoid an ending that is too serious for a comedy.

The work of the individual players may be praised in every case. We fear the dramatic notices here in the University may have been at times too laudatory in tone, but on this occasion there is no cause for this fear. Mr. Corr as Mme. Fleury, especially in the first act, was delightful. Mr. Elmer Murphy's Fontaine was presented with most interesting naturalness and comic spirit. Mr. Cavanagh's characterization of M. Duval made one forget that his work was that of an amateur, and no slight praise is due Mr. Shillington, Mr. Weaver, Mr. Brennan, Mr. McCarrick,—indeed, we can not pick flaws anywhere, except this serious flaw that is not a fault in the present play solely: when some of the actors are near the rear of the stage, or when they are talking across the stage, they are not heard by the audience, and the power of making the voice carry is one of the first requisites of an actor, amateur or professional. It was noticeable that the pronunciation of English was almost perfect on Wednesday,—another unusual grace.

Before "The Right to Riches," the Company presented the drama in one act taken from Mr. Richard Harding Davis' story, "Her First Appearance." Mr. Fagan was as pleasantly natural as usual, and Mr. Shillington's good, clear voice and exact intonations, made a very agreeable impression. Perhaps the *tempo* of this little play might have been set slightly faster to some advantage, but as it was it pleased the audience very much. The fore-play was worthy of study as an example of the curious effect of a drama that is lacking in action. The very term *dramatic* essentially implies a moving of a second person by the words or deeds of the actor, and the Father of the Child-Actress was actually influenced by the words of the generous young man personated by Mr. Fagan, but this effect was brought about by too many words. The play gave the same impression that a clever reading of the original story (which is not notably dramatic) would give. The entire evening's work has not been surpassed in the history of the Stock Company, and we are grateful to the players for the enjoyment they afforded us.

We would suggest that the "Right to Riches" be repeated at the end of the term, instead of a new play.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY,

Notre Dame, 11; Northwestern, 8.

Notre Dame won from Northwestern on last Monday in the most hotly contested game seen on the local diamond this year. The visitors were out-played at nearly every point. It rained constantly during the game, and the wet grounds and slippery ball were accountable for a number of the errors. Our confidence in the ability of Brown is not shaken in the least by the two errors which were marked down against him. He has proved that he is a strong, heady player, and we are sure that in the future his record will be free from errors. The double play from MacDonald to Shillington in the second inning, Barnes' capture of Daly's long drive to centre field, and the base throwing of Powers, were the features of the game. Not one of Northwestern's men was able to advance a base while the ball was between Powers and Gibson. Powers and Barnes also captured the batting honors. Powers made three two baggers and a single in six times at bat. Shillington and Hindel also did good work with the stick.

Notre Dame came to bat first. Brown, Hering and Fleming failed to solve Sickles' puzzles, and went out on strikes. Golden walked to first, and started to go down to second when Murphy hit a pop up to Hindel. Hindel pulled in the pop up, and threw the ball to MacDonald, and a very neat double play sent the rooters to their feet. Sickles fanned.

In the second, Powers could not find Sickles, and struck out. Daly broke the hoodoo by getting a base on balls. Hindel found the ball and knocked a sacrifice to McChesney. Shillington made a pretty single, and Daly brought in the first score for the home team. MacDonald got his base on balls, but Gibson's pop up to Lowes retired the side. Maclay punished the air. McChesney and Lowes walked. Lowes did not understand how Powers had gained his reputation, so he took too large a lead off first. Quick as a flash, Powers sent the ball down to MacDonald, who chased up Lowes, put him out, and threw the ball to Brown to catch McChesney, who had ventured off second. McChesney ran back and forth between Brown and Shillington, but was finally retired by the latter. Score, 1 to 0.

Brown knocked a single into left field and went down to second on Hering's sacrifice. Fleming fanned, but Powers hit safely to left field, and Brown came across the plate. Daly

was retired on a grounder to Lowes. None of the Northwestern men succeeded in making second. Score, 2 to 0.

Notre Dame went out in one, two, three order. Golden made three vain attempts to find the ball. Murphy knocked a grounder to Hindel, who threw wild to MacDonald. Murphy was on third before the ball got inside the diamond again. Sickles sent a high one into left field. Fleming made a fine run for it, but dropped the ball, and Murphy brought in Northwestern's first run. Maclay sacrificed to Brown, but McChesney fanned, and Northwestern went to the field. Score, 2 to 1.

Hering and Fleming went out on infield hits. Powers got second on a clean two bagger. Daly came to bat, and knocked a splendid drive far out into centre field. It looked safe, but Barnes started after it like a flash. After a fine sprint, he made a magnificent catch, and the exultation of the Notre Dame rooters was changed into unstinted praise of the most phenomenal play seen on the local diamond this year. The visitors failed to score.

In the next inning Hindel found Sickles for a three bagger, but it was all in vain, for Sickles settled down and struck out the three following men. Golden flew out to Fleming. Murphy hit safe, and stole second while the ball was getting back to the pitcher. Gibson failed to get three good ones over the plate, and Sickles walked. Maclay knocked an infield hit and made first on an attempt to retire Murphy. McChesney sent a ball to Hindel who threw it to Powers, retiring Murphy. Lowes was hit by the ball, and Sickles was forced across the plate, tying the score. Barnes, the heavy hitter, came to bat with three men on bases. A couple of balls had been thrown to him when Maclay ventured off third base. Gibson shot the ball down there, but Brown was not able to meet it, and three men trotted across the plate, and the hearts of the home rooters struck the ground with a dull thud. Barnes flew out to Daly. Score, 2 to 5.

Brown got four bad ones and walked. Hering struck out, but Fleming knocked a safe one. Powers was determined to tie the score, and sent a two bagger into left field. Brown and Fleming trotted across the plate. Daly struck out, and Powers stole third. Hindel knocked the ball to Lowes, who got it to first in time; but Murphy's error saved Hindel and let Powers come home. The score was tied, but the slaughter was not yet over. Shillington sent a single to left, and Hindel

went to second; he stole third, and Shillington stole second. MacDonald walked and Gibson got a single. Hindel and Shillington came home. Brown got to first because Murphy was not on his bag. Hering flew out to Smith, retiring the side. Northwestern failed to score. Score, 7 to 5.

Fleming walked. Powers hit to Smith, who dropped the ball, and Fleming went to second. Daly knocked the ball to McChesney who retired Powers, but threw wild to Murphy. Fleming scored on the error, and Daly made third. Hindel's single brought in Daly. Hindel stole second and made third on Lowes' faulty handling of Shillington's bunt. Shillington stole second, and both he and Hindel came in on MacDonald's single. Gibson singled, and MacDonald made third. Brown flew out to Barnes. Hering went out on an infield hit. Sickles was first to bat for Northwestern. He flew out to Daly. Maclay knocked an easy one to Gibson, who threw him out at first. McChesney sent a safe one over second base. Lowes sent a fly to Hering who dropped the ball, and McChesney came home. Lowes stole third on an attempt to retire McChesney, and he came home on a single knocked out by Barnes. Smith also singled, but Mosher went out to MacDonald. Score, 11 to 8.

Notre Dame failed to score. Gibson knocked the ball straight down and was hit by it, putting himself out. Murphy flew out to Brown. Sickles got first on an error. Maclay pounded the ether, and Notre Dame was one step nearer to the championship.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	S.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brown, 3d b.	5	2	1	0	1	3	2
Hering, r. f.	5	0	0	1	0	0	1
Fleming, l. f.	5	2	1	0	2	0	1
Powers (C.), c.	6	1	4	0	10	3	0
Daly, c. f.	5	2	0	0	1	0	0
Hindel, 2d b.	5	2	2	1	4	3	1
Shillington, s. s.	5	2	3	0	1	2	0
McDonald, 1st b.	3	0	1	0	6	2	1
Gibson, p.	5	0	2	0	1	2	0

Totals 44 11 14 2 26* 15 6

* Golden hit by batted ball.

NORTHWESTERN	A.B.	R.	H.	S.	P.O.	A.	E.
Golden, c.	4	0	0	0	13	1	1
Murphy, 1 b.	5	1	1	0	8	1	1
Sickles, p.	4	1	0	0	1	1	0
Maclay (C.), s. s.	4	1	0	1	0	0	0
McChesney, 2 b.	3	2	1	0	1	2	1
Lowes, 3 b.	2	2	0	0	1	3	3
Barnes, c. f.	4	1	3	0	2	0	0
Smith, l. f.	3	0	2	1	1	0	1
Mosher, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0

Totals 33 8 8 2 27 8 7

SUMMARY:—Earned runs, Notre Dame, 2. Two base hits, Powers, 3; Smith. Three base hit, Hindel. Bases stolen, Shillington, 3; MacDonald, Powers, 2; Hindel, 2;

Gibson, Murphy, Lowes. Double plays, Hindel to MacDonald; MacDonald to Shillington. Bases on balls, off Gibson, 4; off Sickles, 5. Struck out by Gibson, 7; by Sickles, 13. Base on hit by pitched ball, Lowes. Time of game, 3:00. Umpire, Cross.

Personals.

—Mr. Shea, of Ashland, Wisconsin, was the guest of his son William, of Carroll Hall, during the early part of the week. He made many friends during his short stay, who hope that his visit may soon be repeated.

—Mr. Otto Ludwig (student '74-'75-'76) is at present connected with the Armour Soap Works, of Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Ludwig has been eminently successful in the past, and we trust that his future may hold even greater prosperity in store for him.

—We have recently received invitations to attend the Commencement exercises of the *St. Louis Medical College* and *The Missouri Dental College*, at which Elmer A. Scherrer, C. E., '94, received his medical degree. We congratulate Mr. Scherrer upon the successful completion of his course, and we wish him every success in his chosen profession.

—We regret to have to announce the death of Dr. A. J. Mullin, of Michigan City, Ind. Dr. Mullin, though still a young man, had achieved more than ordinary distinction in the practice of his profession, having been Secretary of the National Association of Physicians and Surgeons, and several years ago was honored by the University with the degree of A. M. May he rest in peace!

—B. J. Claggett (student '76-'77) was recently elected Mayor of Lexington, Ill., by a handsome majority. Mr. Claggett was a most popular student of Notre Dame in the seventies, and the many friends of his college days will be pleased to learn that his fellow townsmen appreciate his worth to such a degree as to choose him as their director and representative. He was elected on the Anti-Saloon ticket, and his victory was, therefore, a most honorable one. We wish him success in administering the affairs of his native city.

—We are happy to announce the wedding of Mr. Charles W. Scherrer, B. S., '93, who was united in marriage to Miss Willina Robinson, in St. Joseph's Church, Denver, Col., April the 27th. The *Colorado Catholic*, of May the 1st, speaks most highly of both bride and groom. Of the bride it says that "those who know and love her must admire her sweet disposition, her maidenly reserve, and her beautiful attributes of heart and mind." Mr. Scherrer, during his student days at Notre Dame, proved that he had a strong, manly character, and we are sure that he is deserving of his good fortune. We wish him and his fair bride a long and happy married life.

Local Items.

—FOUND.—A penknife. Inquire at Students' Office.

—The bulletins were read in the different halls yesterday evening. They will be mailed Monday.

—Provided it doesn't snow at the next baseball game, a number of the students will spring their "ducks."

—During the remainder of the term the students will arise at 5:30 a. m. They were initiated this morning.

—LOST.—Last Wednesday morning in the main building a gold watch chain. Finder, please return it to Students' Office.

—"Oh, look at Tomaso coming down the pike!" said a bright-eyed Minim a few days ago. "He looks like a whole crowd out for a walk without a prefect."

—It is said that a number of tennis contests will shortly take place between the Junior and Senior tennis clubs. The men are fast becoming adepts with the racket.

—Expressions seldom heard: "Have a cigarette," "Do let me pay for the set-ups," "The meat goes your way," "Have my seat," "Would you like to take a spin on my wheel?"

—The following are the members of the two first crews: *Silver Jubilee*—Rahe, Stroke; Schulte, 5; Niezer, 4; Cullinane (C.), 3; Kearney, 2; Flannigan, 1. *Golden Jubilee*—Mullen, Stroke (Capt.); Leib, 5; Hartung, 4; Pim, 3; Kidder, 2; Fox, 1.

—When a Minim plays ball he is not known by his own name at all. The catcher is always called Powers, the out-fielders, Sockalexis, Daly or Fleming, the basemen, McDonald, Hering or Brown, and so on through all the different positions. To listen to the shouting coming from one of these games one would think the whole Varsity were practising.

—The Varsity are practising hard for the contest with the University of Chicago, which takes place in Chicago one week from today. We all hope that in this, the first outside game of the season, our baseball men will uphold the honor of the Gold and Blue. We have not the least doubt that they will win, from present indications, unless something very unexpected happens.

—One of the features of last Wednesday's performance was the excellent music of the orchestra. The selections were well executed, and evoked much favorable comment from those who were able to appreciate them. Frank Dukette's presence among the musicians was noticeably felt. He came all the way from his home to make the musical part of the program a success. The Stock Company wishes to thank him sincerely for his kindness.

—Dukette was with us only a few short days,

but that was long enough for him to inflict some of his "paralyzers" on the long-suffering reporter. "Say," he queried, tapping the pencil-pusher on the shoulder, "have you seen any of that affectionate pie?" "No, what is it like?" "Why, it's that kind whose upper crust is *stuck* on the lower one." He also remarked that it is not well bre(a)d to loaf. The reporter is doing as well as could be expected, and will be about again in a few days.

—The Brownson Hall Cycling Club took a spin into the country Thursday afternoon. They at first intended to make a trip to New Carlisle, but a late start made this impossible. When about three miles west of South Bend, Bro. Hugh, who was setting the pace, stopped suddenly, wiped the perspiration from his brow, looked at his watch, and then said: "Nickel's." Every wheel was immediately turned the other way, and a quick run into town was made. The party returned at 6 o'clock.

—The lectures, theatricals and concerts of the last few weeks have been all of a very high standard, and the students feel very grateful to the Faculty for the efforts they make to instruct and entertain them. To hear the Right Reverend Bishop Spalding, Major Brownson and Judge Howard, all within the short space of two weeks, is indeed a treat. Besides these three there was the excellent presentation of the Stock Company on Wednesday, a performance which has never been equalled in the annals of Notre Dame amateur theatricals.

—The stars had begun to twinkle before the twilight was yet gone, and the hundreds of lighted candles threw back their answering beams, as the mellifluous strains of "Poverty Row" floated on the evening air. The Boy Wonder from Texas trilled his exquisite tenor, and Barney's ponderous bass was beginning to swell between the puffs of his cigarette,—when something dropped! It might have been a thunderbolt or one of Kegler's shoes, but it wasn't. It was only a remark of Charlie's. The music stopped. Charlie didn't; he is running yet. What did he say?

—It was with feelings of sincere regret that we bade good-bye to Dr. Thompson last Thursday. His short stay among us was felt and appreciated by all at Notre Dame, but principally by the Boat Club to whom he devoted much of his time. His words of encouragement and careful instruction gave a fresh impulse to rowing here. Since his coaching the crews have shown remarkable development, and we may look forward to good races in June. The Doctor's very presence is an inspiration for clean, manly sport, and his wish that the best club may win at all times is the watchword of the athletes who wear the Gold and Blue of Notre Dame. Men like Dr. Thompson are always welcome here.

—Those who intend to enter the contest in Oratory for the Breen Medal are requested

to present themselves to Father French *before Monday noon*. Contestants for the Barry Elocution medal in Brownson Hall and the medal in Carroll Hall must hand-in their names by *next Thursday evening*. There should be strong competition for these medals. Aside from the great honor of being the best of the year's orators, the medal for oratory is a thing to be earnestly tried for, as it is usually ranked among the finest awarded on Commencement Day. As to the contestants for elocution, they have plenty of time to polish themselves before the date set for the contest. This date will be announced in our next issue.

—We have been hearing a great amount of talk about college patriotism, and it is good to hear. Much of it comes from Sorin Hall, and the tone is very earnest and very convincing, for the men of gowns and mortar-boards have a way of putting words together that is fascinating. But the distance between word and action is sometimes a long one, and some of the Sorin Hall men have made a long road between their speech and their athletic dues. Loyalty to the athletic team of *Alma Mater* is a commendable sentiment; but unless the feeling is backed up by financial support, the sentiment is useless; for a lack of money means bankruptcy for the Athletic Association, and with no Athletic Association there will be no occasion for sentiment. Gentlemen of Sorin Hall who have not settled for your athletic dues, you will recognize the logic of this. The association stands in need of money; you owe this money to the association, because you go to see the games: hence, there is an obligation on you to settle your dues.

—Wiseacre and a friend went fishing last week, and thereby hangs a tale. They seated themselves on one of the dredges on St. Mary's Lake for an afternoon of sport; but as the "bites" were few and far between, Wiseacre—hard student that he is—went to another part of the dredge to finish a "duty" in one of his numerous "ologies" to be handed in on the next class day. In the meantime his little flaxen-haired friend quietly removed Wiseacre's pole, and then yelled to him that he had a "bite." "Hoot mon!" cried the bonnie Scot, and "ologies," duty books and everything else were thrown to the winds. "The cork went alretty down once." "Yes, and the pole too. She's swallowed it—a reg-lar whale—saw her tail flap as she swallowed the last joint of the rod—and—" But a healthy pretzel laugh rang out from the other side of the dredge, and Wiseacre saw his mistake. In something less than five hours of fishing the pair caught one eel, a "green-header," a juvenile turtle, eight pounds of marl and a cold.

—Through a bit of mismanagement a whole afternoon of pleasure was spoiled recently for numerous Sorinites who were too tired to walk over to Hotel d'Haney for their custom-

ary Thursday luncheon. If they had only known what was in store for them over in the South Room of that establishment the mortar-boards would have thronged the pike. Some one—several some ones, in fact,—had made a large cake just the day before and had carted it over to the hotel, thinking that everybody and his friend would be there to eat it. But alas! not a single student mustered enough energy together to walk over, and the very kind party carted their cake back again. In fact, if it were not for the ever alert reporters, no one at Notre Dame would even have heard of it. You don't know how sorry we are, party. Some other day, however,—next Thursday, for instance,—come again, even if the cake is hard, and the Local Editor assures you that a goodly crowd will be there. If the rest don't go over—which is not at all probable—the Local Editor will, and Local Editors have the most capacious mouths for cake in all Indiana.

—The basket-ball season is past, and now everything is baseball; but the brilliant victories of Notre Dame's basket-ball team have by no means been forgotten. The enthusiasm shown at a meeting held last Saturday evening in the Brownson reading-rooms to commemorate the glorious victories of last season, is a fair testimonial of the gratitude and love which the students bear toward those who have upheld the glory of their *Alma Mater* in the athletic world. The exercises were opened with a selection by a picked mandolin club, and followed by a brief talk on "Rooting as an Art," by F. J. F. Confer. Mr. Confer's lusty voice has more than once stirred the rooters in times gloomy, and it may well be said that he has "rooting" down to perfection, if not to an art, properly speaking. A vocal solo by Wynter C. Massey followed, and then M. R. Powers arose amid great applause and delivered a splendid talk on "Baseball at Notre Dame." John F. Fennessey refreshed in the memory of his audience the many victories of the Carroll Basket-Ball team and was followed by Mr. C. M. B. Bryan, who chose the subject, "Our Varsity Team," and in his able hands the glorious team was fairly immortalized. A large picture of the "First Basket-Ball Team" was then formally unveiled. Three rousing cheers in honor of the team concluded the exercises.

List. of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSES.

Advanced Christian Doctrine—Messrs. J. F. Daly, J. Farrell, McGinnis, Cornell, Dinnen, Shiels, F. Ward; *Moral Philosophy*—Messrs. Bryan, Costello; *Logic*—W. Sheehan; *Latin*—Messrs. J. Barry, J. Byrne, Medley, Oswald, Farrell, Fennessey, Moynihan; *Greek*—Messrs. J. Lantry, Ragan, J. Powers, Trahey, H. Gallagher, Fennessey, DeLorimier, Weisbacker; *Astronomy*—Messrs. J. W. Miller, F. O'Hara; *Civil Engineering*—Messrs. F. O'Hara, J. W. Miller; *Mechanics of Engineering*—F. O'Hara; *Higher Surveying*—F. O'Hara; *Land Survey-*

ing—Kegler; *Quantitative Chemistry*—Fagan; *General Descriptive Chemistry*—Messrs. F. J. O'Hara, J. Nieuwland; *Advanced Physics*—Steiner; *Elementary Physics*—J. F. Daly; *Calculus*—Messrs. Delaney, Geoghegan, T. Steiner; *Analytical Geometry*—Stuhlfauth; *Trigonometry*—Messrs. Brogan, Kachur; *Geometry*—Messrs. Fennessey, McIntyre, Angus McDonald, T. Murray, F. A. Smoger; *Algebra*—Messrs. J. G. Johnson, A. Brogan, V. Dwyer, R. Funk, Kachur, Lynch; *Belles Lettres*—Messrs. T. Cavanagh, Costello; *Criticism*—Messrs. E. Mingey, F. Wurzer; *Literature*—Messrs. Nieuwland, E. C. Brown, Farrell, Lowrey, McGinnis, Trahey; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. Emmet Brown, E. Campbell, E. Howard, P. Moynihan, O'Shaughnessey; *Law*—Messrs. M. Ney, Murphy, Quinn; *Political Economy*—Messrs. C. Bryan, Steele, Sullivan; *Modern History*—Messrs. Berthol, Dwan, Gallagher, Kraus, Trahey, W. Marr; *English History*—Messrs. Murray, Niezer; *Geology*—Messrs. Falvey, Fitzpatrick; *Zoology*—Messrs. M. Schumacher, T. O'Hara; *Advanced Zoology*—Messrs. Rosenthal, Piquette; *Advanced Physiology*—Rosenthal; *Human Anatomy*—W. Fagan; *Comparative Anatomy*—Messrs. Fagan, Rosenthal, Piquette; *Public Hygiene*—J. Rosenthal; *Botany*—Messrs. Lowery, M. Oswald, J. Trahey; *General Biology*—J. Nieuwland; *Electrical Laboratory*—Messrs. R. Palmer, S. McDonald, F. Hesse; *Dynamo Electric Machinery*—Messrs. Francis Hesse, R. Palmer; *Elementary Electricity*—C. Tomlinson; *Thermodynamics*—R. Palmer; *Machine Design*—Messrs. S. McDonald, E. Pulskamp; *Shop Work*—Edward Hay.

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